

THE CARMEL CYMBAL

VOL. ONE, NO. FIVE

CARMEL, CALIFORNIA, JUNE 8, 1926

TEN CENTS

JUDGE KENESAW M. LANDIS DECIDES ABALONE LEAGUE BASEBALL PROTEST

Mencken Burns May Issue of American Mercury

DIAMOND CZAR BACKS UMPIRE 'GAINST BEARS

On May 16 the carnivorous Bears were fighting the equally carnivorous Tigers in the present Abalone League Herald Cup series. It was a tight, close game, toward the end of which a base-runner of the Bears was sent back to third instead of being permitted to take home on an overthrow. Much dust was kicked up, and after the game a protest was made to Tal Joselyn, the Supreme Court of the Abalones, that the run should have been allowed to be scored. The Supreme Court, like all good courts, took the matter under advisement—and meantime sent a letter off to the Commissioner himself of the baseball world.

Below are the letters of the local and the national Judge Landises, and henceforth the man who slapped a fine of twenty-nine million dollars on the Standard Oil will equally be known as the man who sent the Abalone Runner back to third.

Carmel, California

May 19, 1926

Judge Kenesaw M. Landis,
Baseball Commissioner,
Chicago Illinois.

My dear Judge Landis:

There is, in this seaside town of Carmel, a baseball league the like of which does not exist in all the rest of America. Six teams make it up, the indoor bat and ball are used, the players are a cross-section of present-day society—bankers, carpenters, artists, hotel owners, delivery boys, truck drivers, school teachers, housewives (for the

HUGH MAGLONE IS ALIVE, BUT LOOK AT THE SIGN

Hugh Maglone, who does jobs, both odd and even, for Ray DeYoe individually and The Carmel Realty Company collectively, has his life and health today, but he hasn't Henry Ford, or the latter's son, Edsel, to thank for the gratifying facts.

Maglone was positively attending to his own and Mr. DeYoe's affairs last Saturday morning when one of those things that are manufactured in Detroit besides automobiles just naturally and with an offensive unconcern galloped up on the sidewalk alongside of the aforementioned Maglone and parked itself snugly in a nicely splintered corner of the fence which so artistically adorns the extreme corner of the property occupied by the Carmel Realty.

Maglone was able to put the thing on the nose and welcome it without moving from the position he had while watering the DeYoe diminutive garden.

The Ford had escaped unattended from in front of Barney Segal's money market.

It quite completely wrecked the fence and, which is more important and somewhat uncanny in the light of recent events, it all but did away with finality with DeYoe's considerably misunderstood and unappreciated street sign.

women and girls play along with the men) running in ages from twelve to seventy years, and with this so-called baseball played on a diminutive side-hill diamond among the pine trees overlooking the sea, with broomstick-like bat and grape-fruit-like ball, there is a seriousness and at times a cave-man savagery that causes the hair of those in control of the league to curl violently from the roots outward.

One would think that the fate of the nation depended on the way in which the Abalone League games are run, and that the business of life consisted not in running grocery stores or selling real estate or building brick chimneys, but in winning one's game on Sunday afternoon.

(Turn to Page Two)

CYMBAL GETS FIRST NEWS OF LIBERAL EDITOR'S ACTION ON KNOPF'S PROTEST

By O. S.

(Special Correspondence)

Henry Louis Menken is not entirely averse to courting public opinion, after all, nor does he have the complete courage of his heresies. It seems that the May issue of the American Mercury had been set up, and several thousand copies printed, when publisher Alfred A. Knopf took exception to a certain article, advising editor Menken that it seemed to him risky to let it go through the mails. The "Hatrack" incident was still fresh in the public mind, and it would be unwise to chance further notoriety, etc. Editor Menken was persuaded. He left Baltimore

in an airplane and flew to the Haddon Press in Camden, N. J., where the Mercury is printed. There he personally witnessed the burning of the guilty Mercuries. It would be interesting to know the thoughts than ran in HLM's mind as he stood by the incinerator! Rumor hath it that there are in circulation a number of copies of the suppressed May Mercury, which are being bootlegged about. If the article is no more pornographic than poor "Hatrack," however, there is nothing much to lick the lips over.

REMSSEN PAINTING PORTRAIT OF POET ROBINSON JEFFERS

Following his completion last week of a life-sized portrait of his father, Dr. Ira Remsen, president emeritus of The Johns Hopkins University, Baltimore, Rem has begun a second large canvas which will portray Robinson Jeffers, author of "Tamar" and "Roan Stallion".

Jeffers visited Rem's studio just as the artist was putting the finishing touches on the portrait of his father and so struck was the poet by the genius apparent in the execution of the painting that he suggested himself as the next subject.

Rem has crayoned in the figure of Jeffers. He has it standing on the edge of the Point near the Jeffers home with the poet gazing penetringly out to sea with a characteristic expression. In the background is the hand of the sea against the mouth of the Carmel river. There is already the atmosphere of unbridled imagination on the canvas and one feels that Rem has struck the note of his subject from the start.

The portrait of his father, de-

NEW STAMPS OUT

Special Sesqui-Centennial two-cent stamps, commemorating the 150 years of American Independence, have been issued. The new stamps are red, the subject of the engraving is the Liberty Bell supported by four columns, and at the top are the words: "Sesqui-Centennial Exposition" with the dates "1776-1926" under it.

clared to be the best painting Rem has ever made, will be presented to John Hopkins and will hung in time for the centennial celebration at the university this year. Dr. Ira Remsen and Mrs. Remsen left Carmel for Baltimore last Monday.

The Carmel Cymbal has acquired by lease the printing plant in The Seven Arts Building hitherto known as The Seven Arts Press and will operate it in conjunction with the publication of The Cymbal.

It will be called The Cymbal Press.

It will endeavor to maintain the high standard of fine printing established by The Seven Arts Press.

Adventures in Eating Out

No. 1.

Through the big window on our right we looked up at the stone wall of Gouverneur Morris' home perching serenely on the edge of the mesa in a flood of warm, golden sunshine. We had come to dinner early. The big, oddly-shaped dining room of The Flor de Monterey was all ours, and in the few moments while we waited for the soup, we strolled about in quiet freedom, to examine our surroundings.

Rough plaster walls, bare except for a few oil paintings, high ceiling with heavy beams, wooden doors adorned with wrought iron hinges, a tile floor—a Spanish suggestion in these things calling to mind the charming El Paseo of Santa Barbara. Best of all, a restful spaciousness and lack of crowding ornament. Yet the effect was not too cold, for there were gay covers on the tables, bunches of bright colored straw flowers in quaint holders, brilliant flowers in the patio, a sheaf of proud crimson gladioli against the gray wall inside.

And where else can you eat at table tops taken from an old ship? Here, we'll admit, was a touch that appealed to our imagination—the long boards of natural wood scoured white, corners bound in nautical brass, and a little wooden fence along the edge vividly suggesting rough weather on the high seas!

Even before we sat down we were glad we came. And after we had enjoyed the dinner so efficiently served by the pleasant, soft-voiced colored girl, we were doubly convinced that this was a good place to eat. Our memory lingers particularly on the savory fried chicken and hot biscuits, the dessert of home made cake, and the creamiest ice cream we had ever tasted.

D. C.

TIGERS, SHAMROCKS AND WHITE SOX ARE WINNERS

The scores of the Abalone League games Sunday were Tigers, 4, Reds, 1; Shamrocks, 10, Pirates, 4; White Sox, 4; Bears, 1.

LAST REGULAR MEETING OF P. T. A. TOMORROW

The last regular meeting of the Carmel Parent-Teachers Association will be held Wednesday afternoon at 3 o'clock in the Sunset School auditorium. There will be no further meetings this year until the opening of the fall term in September.

Miss Virginia Tooker and Miss White will address this meeting on the subject of "Art in the Child's Life", Miss White talking on the practical side of the subject and Miss Tooker on the theoretical.

Miss Tooker is to have charge of the children's classes in the Arts and Crafts Summer School this year.

Tom: She seems dumb.

Dick: Maybe so; but she has never interrupted a pleasant silence with "A penny for your thoughts."

—from Life.

JUDGE LANDIS DECIDES

(Continued from Page One)

Knotty, therefore, are the problems that are put up to the umpires (players in one game and umpires in the next), and, above the umpires, carried to the person now locally known (and here is begged your most humble pardon) as Judge, and at times as Landis, and again as Kenesaw and not infrequently, the Civil War being hazy in some minds, as Kenosha.

By the draft route I happen to be this local power, this Judge, and have managed to exist without too many threats of extinction for a number of years, until now. But now no longer. Last Sunday there was a play—And to whom may I turn for Salvation if it be not to my namesake, deep though in his own problems he maybe?

Carmel awaits your answer: There is a runner on second and a runner on third, and the man at the bat hits an infield grounder. The runners on second and third hold their bags being threatened by the infielder fielding the ball, and the infielder throws to put out the batter running to first, and throws wild, the ball going over the first-baseman's head into foul territory. The man on third goes home. So does the man on second. Now, is this runner on second allowed to go all the way home, even though he did not leave second but several steps until the ball had been thrown wild? The umpire sent him back to third—one base on an overthrow—and then, on a protest from the runner's captain after the game, admitted that he may have interpreted the overthrow rule wrongly, and put it up to me. And I—well, I'm asking you. And until I do hear from you, smiles will not bloom again in our fair town.

I am sincerely yours,
TALBERT JOSSELYN.

BASEBALL
KENESAW M. LANDIS
Commissioner
LESLIE M. O'CONNOR
Secretary-Treasurer
122 South Michigan Ave.
Chicago

Pittsburgh, Pa.,
May 27, 1926.

MR. TALBERT JOSSELYN,
Carmel, California.

Dear Mr. Josselyn:
Your letter of May 19th

has reached me here.

You present this inquiry: With runners on second and third, batsman hits an infield grounder. The runners hold their bases, while the infielder throws to put out batsman running to first. The throw goes wild into foul territory, and the runners on second and third reach home. Should the runner on second be allowed to go all the way home, even though he did not leave second but several steps until the ball had been thrown wild?"

Your question presupposes that this game was governed by a ground rule limiting runners to one base on an overthrow into foul territory. Assuming that you had such a rule, and that no material facts are involved that have not set forth above, the player's position, so far as it would be governed by the runner's position, so that it would be a question of fact for the umpire's judgment, and, if the game was played under the official playing rules of baseball, there could be no appeal from the umpire's judgment. However, in my opinion, the umpire's decision limiting the runner on second to third was correct, on the basis of your statement of facts, which indicates that this runner would not have made third on the fielding of the grounder if the ball had been properly thrown.

Very truly yours,
KENESAW M. LANDIS.

WILL TEACH FRENCH AT ARTS AND CRAFTS SCHOOL

Jacques-Marie Laumonier, who is known as a French instructor and author, will have classes in French at the Arts and Crafts Summer school this year.

NEWS NOTES

Mr. and Mrs. William P. Silva have returned to Carmel after an absence of several months abroad.

Jesse Lynch Williams' play, "Why Marry?", appears in the June number of the Golden Book magazine.

Mr. and Mrs. Cheesewright, well known interior decorators from Pasadena, are visiting in Carmel.

Dr. Amelia L. Gates gave a dinner party on Saturday night, entertaining the following guests: Mr. and Mrs. Armin Hansen, Miss Tilly Polak, Mr. and Mrs. Cornelius Botke and Mr. and Mrs. Hendrik Hagemeyer.

L. A. Nares is staying at the Pebble Beach Lodge. The Nares home has been rented until August. Mrs. Nares is in New Orleans and will not return until the late summer.

Mrs. Susan Porter is leaving for Los Angeles for a short visit.
Frank Gregory of the A. & G.

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THE CARMEL CYMBAL

Application for entry as second-class mail matter is pending.

Blue Bird Tea Room

TELEPHONE 161

Tea Service

LUNCHEON
DINNER

EDUCATIONAL TOYS

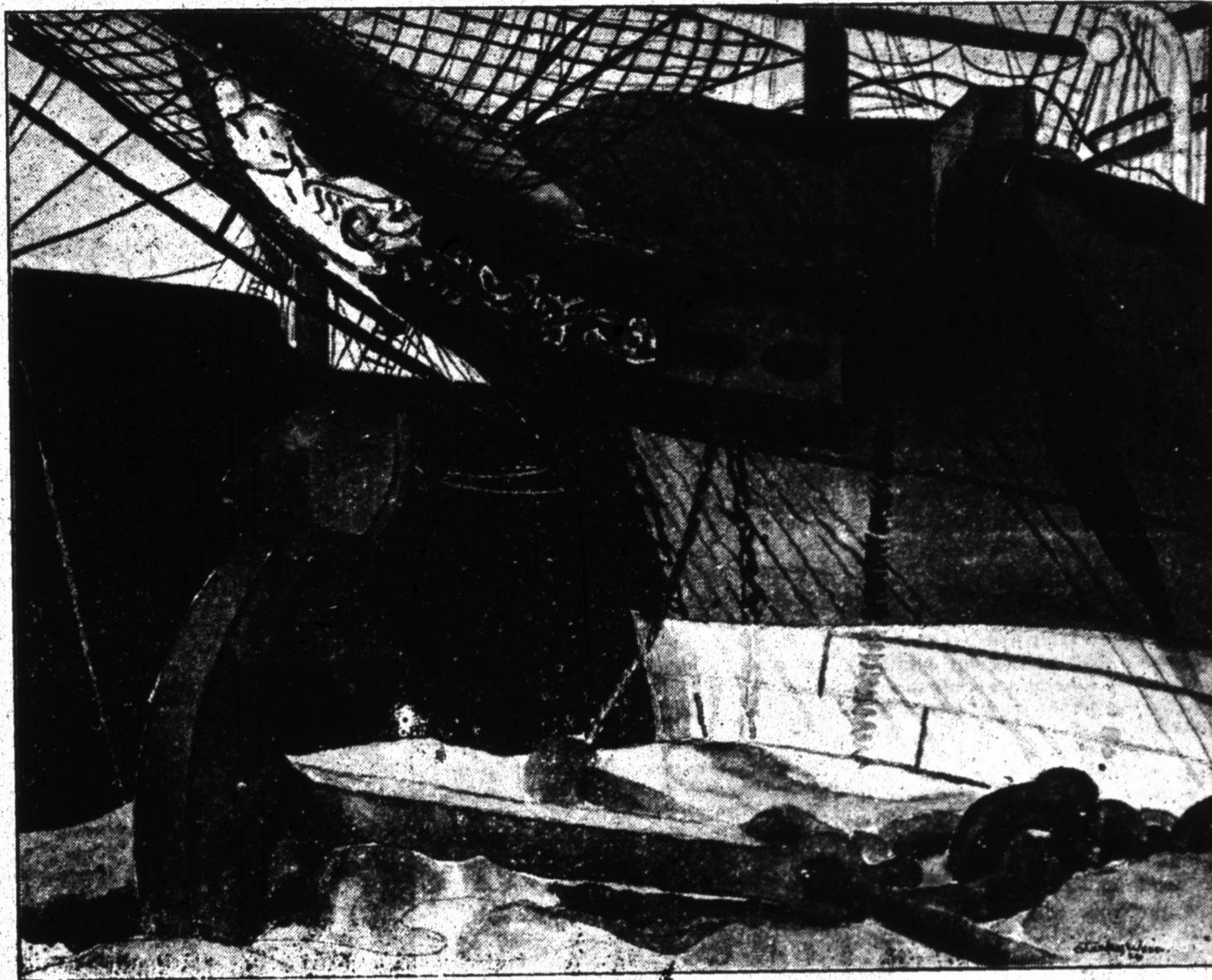
INDIVIDUAL PLAY-TOYS

LUCILLE KIESTER'S PINAFORE PLAYHOUSE IS OPEN

Playrooms designed, decorated
and furnished

COURT OF THE GOLDEN BOUGH

A Water Color by Stanley Wood, Director of the 1926 Arts and Crafts Summer School.



JUST AS IT OCCURS

to O. S.

[The Cymbal's Eastern Looker-on]

We went to see "Ben Hur" last evening—what a flat failure they've made of screening that grand old class of the stock companies! The depressing part was that it could have been ripping entertainment. The directors had everything to work with—plot, passion, pathos and what have you—and all they made of it was three solid hours of watery blood and distant thunder. The chariot race was done fairly well, but it came so near the end of an imperfect evening that it couldn't lift you out of boredom. The surprise of the show was Francis X. Bushman, who's come back to the movies as Messala, the Roman villain, and who acted superbly. He was the only one in the play who didn't behave as if he were all dressed up for a Hallowe'en party and just learned of grandmother's death. Poor little Ramon Navarro did his best as the Jewish prince—a sort of his-was-not-to-reason-why best—but he should never have been cast for the part. Of course, they expect to get—and are getting—the sympathies of huge audiences because the great middle classes would feel blasphemous if they didn't praise any entertainment dealing piously with the story of Christ. As a matter of fact, the parts dealing directly with Christ were so cheaply

done as to have seemed to this reviewer almost insulting. They were like nothing else but stereopticon views and just about as moving.

* * *

We've just seen "Grass," which is just about the most marvelous picture I've ever looked at. It's like reading Sherwood Anderson after a prolonged diet of Ruby M. Ayres . . . Sitting next to us during the show was a stout housewife and her stout husband. We were much interested in observing that they chattered almost incessantly during the showing of "Grass," making facetious comments and altogether taking it humorously. On the other hand, they watched Harold Lloyd with silence and little laughter. We decided that the first attitude was due to their inability to take seriously even the most tragic hardships in the lives of unkempt Asiatics, particularly when there had been no all-wise director to provide glycerin tears, deserted mothers, misunderstood heroes, and all the rest of it. On the other hand, they have doubtless read movie magazine articles giving an account of Harold Lloyd's salary, and found themselves struck dumb with reverence in his presence.

* * *

Ford Madox Ford (nee Hueffer)

wrote a novel last year called "Some Do Not." It was a story of Christopher Tietjens, a "No-Man" of the British aristocracy, and it was a grim, beautiful book. I thought it was the finest novel of the year, and sang my modest little hosannas as loudly as I could. I felt sure it would be

PROMINENT S.F. NEWSPAPER PEOPLE SOJOURN IN CARMEL

Three prominent San Francisco newspaper people were in Carmel last week. Annie Laurie and Idwal Jones of the San Francisco Examiner and Elsie Robinson of the Call made their annual summer visit to the pines.

For many years Annie Laurie has been a feature writer on the Hearst newspapers in various parts of the country and for a long period her daily contribution to the newspaper columns appeared in all the Hearst publications.

Elsie Robinson conducts the women's pages in the San Francisco Call and her column: "Listen World" appears on the editorial page of that paper and in other Hearst journals throughout the country. She is said to be the highest paid woman syndicate writer of the day.

Idwal Jones is the drama editor of the San Francisco Examiner, but is more prominently and notably known as a regular contributor to the American Mercury. His "San Francisco—An Elegy," which appeared in the Mercury last year, was virtually a hymn to the San Francisco that was and is not to be again, and his "Bret Harte Country," which followed it in the same magazine, was a notable contribution to Bret Harte literature. The sojourn of Jones and his wife and daughter in Carmel was cut short by the necessity for him to "cover" the initial production of Somerset Maugham's "Rain" in San Francisco last night.

acclaimed by American critics, but as far as I could find out, Louis Bromfield was the only man to recognize it. This season Mr. Ford turned out a sequel to "Some Do Not," which he called "No More Parades." It is slightly inferior to its predecessor, and

(Turn to Page Four)

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SHOPPING with CYMBALINE

"I certainly never anticipated," said Cymbaline, as she came back into the kitchen, "that I would actually enjoy washing clothes! But when a clothesline is strung between two big pine trees and you look up at a heavenly blue sky between the branches of oaks and clusters of green pine needles—and the sun is warm and bright and you know it's going to bleach your white things till they're *really* white—and there's just a gentle little breeze blowing with the smell of the ocean in it—why, it makes hanging out clothes the pleasantest occupation in the world."

JUST AS IT OCCURS TO O. S.

(Continued from Page Three) has had three times the praise. I read most of the reviews of "No More Parades" before I read the book; I held off beginning it even after I had bought a copy, moved by the thrill of anticipation. After finishing it, I could only conclude that none of Mr. Ford's new admirers had read his previous book. "No More Parades" concerns the war, Christopher Tietjens being a captain struggling with a supremely difficult job made more difficult by the fiendish machinations of his beautiful, demoniac wife. It is written on the thin edge of madness, all the characters in it having nerves so raw that every touch is piercingly painful. The tenor of the book, as was that of "Some Do Not," is exceedingly curious. I canot believe that Englishmen of irreproachable birth and breeding refer, even mentally, to their wives as "whores" and "sluts" and "harlots," nor that there is a class of noble young Englishwomen who occupy themselves entirely with such excruciating infidelities as Sylvia Tietjens and her friends enjoyed. In "Some Do Not," there was offered the contrast of Valentine Wannop, courageously commonplace girl whom Tietjens really loved. In "No More Parades" there is alone the thwarted, revengeful Sylvia . . . No, I still think "Some Do Not" a thoroughly better book than its much-lauded successor

* * *

Stephen McKenna's "The Oldest God" is the sort of novel you can't put down without finishing. It concerns a house-party given in an ancient English castle by an American millionaire's wife—a party given at Christmas, having for guests ten persons who had visited the castle years before during its original ownership. Life has dealt, in some cases, cruelly with these persons, and they are by no means pleased to meet each other again and renew past memories of happy days. The tenth guest arrives tardily, bringing with him a man who is introduced as "Mr. Stranger." From that moment, bewitchment settles itself upon the castle. Whether or not the reticent, unknown guest is really no other than the great god Pan is never entirely divulged, but the inference is that Mr. McKenna intended him to be so, within the bounds of plausibility. The writing throughout is uniformly beautiful, and while there's no doubt about the fascination of the book, I think it is very much less important than almost any other of Mr. McKenna's novels. It bears about the same relation to his work as a whole as does "Portrait of a Man with Red Hair" to Hugh Walpole's work.

Denny and Watrous
Designers, Builders, Decorators
of Homes
Box 282, Carmel, California

good Samaritan shopping yet. "You said you wanted some sort of a present for Alice that would be useful in her travels, didn't you? Well, here's one I feel sure she would adore. Anyhow, if you don't want it, I'll keep it myself. I've intended to have one for some time."

"It" was the most delightful shiny little traveler's electric iron, the sort which sits up on its end and requires no separate stand. It was remarkably light but quite efficient looking.

"I got it at Carl Rohr's electric shop," explained Cymbaline, "and it didn't spoil my pleasure a bit to learn that the price had just been reduced nearly a dollar last week! Isn't it a darling? And it occurs to me right now that one reason why shopping in Carmel is such fun is that the people in the shops are so pleasant—I mean, so just naturally pleasant, not professionally so!"

Having been quite convinced of this fact long ago, I did not argue the point, but waited interestedly to see what was in the paper bag Cymbaline was now taking up. She opened it with a pleased smile of satisfaction.

"Molasses cookies!" she announced, "from the Carmel Bakery. Ever since I left home I've wanted some real molasses cookies—and these are they!"

"Yes, they *are* good," I agreed, "and my mouth waters at the very thought of some of the other good things there—the bran muffins and crullers and—and—and whole wheat bread with delicious crisp crust—"

"Don't say any more!" interrupted Cymbaline, "isn't it time for lunch?"

LESSON FOR THE NATIONS

(From the Los Angeles Times)

Our champion pugilist sets a good example for peace-makers. Think what a great thing for world peace it would be if no nation would fight unless assured of a purse, win or lose, ample to pay all expenses and guarantee prosperity for years to come.

INTERIOR DECORATING FURNITURE DRAPES

SEVEN ARTS
BUILDING

Zanetta Catlett
Kennedy Owen

Cost Plus Five Per Cent

I aim to build as well and as economically as it can be done, and I hit the mark so often that I have hosts of satisfied customers. May I not include you?

PERCY PARKES
CONTRACTOR and BUILDER
PARKES BUILDING CARMEL
Telephone 71

CARMEL THE CYMBAL

A weekly journal of news of the activities and ideas of people, their aspirations and endeavors, together with comment and opinion thereon.

Edited and published by W. K. Bassett on Tuesday of each week in The Court of the Cymbal, Seven Arts Building, Carmel, Monterey County, California.

Printed by The Seven Arts Press, Carmel, California.

Selling for ten cents a copy, four dollars a year by mail, two and one-quarter dollars for six months, one and one-quarter dollars for three months.

Advertising rates obtainable on application.

The telephone number is Carmel Thirteen.

VISION

First Climber: I saw Mrs. Blueblood on the Avenue.

Second Climber: How was she looking?

First Climber: Right past me.
—from Life

Studio ~ Gown Shop

EXCLUSIVE STYLES IN
AFTERNOON, EVENING
and SPORT COSTUMES.
NO TWO MODELS ARE
ALIKE. • READY-TO
WEAR and TO ORDER.

Miss ANNA KATZ
Court of the Golden Bough
TELEPHONE 30

THE FOOL

(He laughs at himself and others, and comments with delight on the discords in the clash of the brazen Cymbal, the crack of the spreading Pine Cone, the blast of the Herald's trumpet—and the cacophonies of the Press at large.)

A recent issue of this paper contains the statement that Miss — spent some time in Carmel last week superintending alterations on her two houses on Casanova street. Evidently house boats gone astray.

In an effort to show that even in this mechanical age Art is better appreciated than most persons suppose, Mr. William Totter says that Henry Ford's autograph is worth vastly less than that of any one of a dozen contemporary poets, painters and musicians. But we will hazard a guess that the vast difference would not be so noticeable on a check.

It pays to advertise. But if you advertise you must pay.

The trouble the Forest Theater directors had in finding a good snappy drama for the opening of their summer festival makes us wonder if they considered reviving one of the old-time city council meetings.

Travellers in Cuba are said to have spent seventeen million dollars during 1925. But the return of the deposits on the bottles will of course reduce this amount.

"Paul Parker and wife," says a contemporary, "were recently the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Welles Richie. Mr. Parker is the publisher of the *Salinas Journal*." Mr. Richie is Mr. Ritchie.

In an advance announcement of a bill at the Golden Bough we read: "Grass serves to demonstrate what human travail may be, and it carries a modern, but still ancient, people from arid fields across mountains and down gorges until they find the green meadows of their desires and the feed necessary for their cattle. It is a moving drama that brings one close to the reality of living." It is also a moving picture.

"THE CYMBAL is on sale in Del Monte at the Del Monte Newstand." The newness of the stand may be due to the fact that the building itself is new.

Mr. — lost his Ford some months ago. The thief was not found. One day last week Mr. — noticed the car standing in front of his house. We have no explanation to suggest for the delay in returning it.

"A fool, a fool! I met a fool in the forest,
A motley fool;—a miserable world!—
As I do live by food, I met a fool,
Who laid him down and basked him in the sun,
And railed on Lady Fortune in good terms,
In good set terms—and yet a motley fool.
'Good morrow, fool,' quoth I. 'No, sir,' quoth he,
'Call me not fool till heaven hath sent me
fortune':
And then he drew a dial from his poke,
And, looking on it with lack-luster eye,
Says very wisely, 'It is ten o'clock:
Thus we may see,' quoth he, 'how the world
wags.'

'Tis but an hour ago since it was nine;
And after one hour more 'twill be eleven:
And so, from hour to hour, we ripe and ripe,
And then, from hour to hour, we rot and rot;
And thereby hangs a tale.' When I did hear
The motley fool thus moral on the time,
My lungs began to crow like chanticleer,
That fools should be so deep contemplative;
And I did laugh sans intermission
An hour by his dial.—O noble fool!
A worthy fool! Motley's the only wear!

[As You Like It]

Pretty(?) Chorus Girl Got Into Tub of Coal...No Line Formed

By FRANK SULLIVAN
(In the N. Y. World)

Miss Agnes Bromp, pretty chorus girl, who got into a bathtub filled with coal at the now famous party given by Abraham O'Brien, the theatrical producer, testified yesterday at O'Brien's trial in Traffic Court that Americans spent during the year 1925 the sum of \$4,398,384,238 for cigars, cigarettes, ice cream sodas, cosmetics and rouge. As a result of her testimony it is expected that the resignation of Secretary of the Navy Denby will be demanded.

Miss Bromp, petite and blonde, except at the roots of her hair, which are brunette, was scheduled to testify at 9 o'clock, but through a misunderstanding did not arrive until Tuesday.

A Downright Judge

"Where have you been?" demanded Judge Digglesby sharply, rapping her over the head with his gavel.

"I had to do the dishes," Miss Bromp explained, "because grandfather is not feeling well."

"Dear, dear," said Judge Digglesby, all sympathy. "That's too bad. What seem to be his trouble?"

"Oh, I guess it's just his age," said Miss Bromp. "He's twenty-two years older than the Fourth of July."

"Well, of course, we can't expect to live forever," commiserated Judge Digglesby. "After you pass thirty the old joints begin to creak a bit. Take the stand, Miss Bromp, please."

Stand Taken by Witness

Miss Bromp took the stand.

Excerpts from her testimony follow:

Q. What is your name? A. They call me Cutie. Mr. Buckner—I object.

Q. How old are you? A. Well, I don't exactly know. My sister, Maggis, was born the year the Mexican War started and I'm older than she is. Q. Let me see your teeth.

Miss Bromp's teeth were marked Exhibit A and placed in evidence of her age.

Cross Questions, Crooked Answers

Q. You were at this—ah—orgy?

P. I was present.

J. You got into a bathtub filled with coal?

M. I did.

A. What kind of coal was it?

B. It was bituminous coal.

C. How do you know it was bituminous coal?

D. Mr. O'Brien told me.

E. Have you ever tasted bituminous coal?

F. No sir.

G. Have you ever used coal in any form?

H. No, sir, I use coke.

I. Aren't you ashamed of yourself?

J. No sir.

Attorney Ledbetter asked Miss Bromp to describe her attire as she entered the bath tub filled with coal. She declared that she first donned a bathing suit, and entered the stage.

Q. Just a minute, Miss Bromp. What stage was the party at?

A. Oh, the stage where they had all let down their hair and were telling each other their wrong names.

Miss Bromp proceeded. She said she approached the bathtub, and while Mr. O'Brien held a cloak in front of her, she donned a suit of heavy red flannels, a brace of petticoats, a sweater, a pair of golf knickers, a spring overcoat and a raccoon coat.

An Amorous Tragedy

The court was all agog.

Q. Then what? Go on, go on!

Miss Bromp began to cry softly.

A. Then—I—I—got into the bath tub and Mr. O'Brien said, "the line forms on the right."

Q. Did any line form? A. No.

And Miss Bromp sobbed as if her heart would break.

—or something

A London lady made the remark that "Michael Arlen was every other inch a gentleman."

THE DEYOE OUTRAGE

All was silent on the avenue; not a soul would say a word,

For a smash at law and order had all but just occurred,

Ray DeYoe paced back and forth with fire in his eye,

And Dolores street in breadth and length could hear his vengeful cry;

And this the burden of his wail that flew along the line:

"Who in heck has up and snatched my paid-for Nesbit sign?"

For Ray DeYoe had purchased one
Of the ship and tree design,
Erected it—e'er rising sun
Someone had snatched the sign.

All was silent on the avenue; save for the realtor's threat:

"Two hours I will give the thief, and then it's jail, you bet."

The minutes wore away, the clock ticked on while hundreds stared,

"I own the land you occupy, and loath the sign," she said,

"But I will get it back to you before I go to bed."

And back it came to the home it had
When the landlady pronounced it bad,
Back to the houseless tourist greet,
And peace back to Dolores street.

Where are all the limerick writers in these woods?

To date there have been only four contributions in THE CYMBAL's limerick contest. This is strange, unaccountably strange. Carmelites won't be serious enough to support a limerick contest.

And remember, besides the honor of victory, there is, a Squibb products, a priceless ingredient in the prize. It is a year's subscription to THE CYMBAL. Can you imagine anything more priceless than that?

Here is the result of the slight touch of limerickitis in Carmel since the issue of the paper before last:

There was a young girl of Carmel
Whose ways were exceedingly swell,
She pronounced it as Carmel
So you rhyme it with formal;
If you know her, Oh please do not tell.

—Mary McClellan Hall.

There was a young girl of Carmel
Who, as you said it, collapsed in a well;
She was built like a sponge,
So, because of the lunge,
She was dragged to the brim all a' swell.

—L. V. M.

There was a young girl of Carmel
Who a desire to dance did impel
To a nude on the green,
But lo! she was seen,
And Englund her urge did dispel.

—J. R. Blake.

Speaking of optimists and pessimists, James Branch Cabell's definition is: "An optimist is one who thinks this is the best of all possible worlds, and a pessimist is one who is afraid he may be right."

LITERATURE AND

W. H. HUDSON BECOMES WIDELY APPRECIATED

By DORA C. HAGEMEYER

When a writer makes a real contact with the thing he writes about—becoming, in other words, the thing itself and writing from that centre, there is little danger of his work being forgotten. Sometimes the gentlest of personalities for this reason will send a quiet radiance down to posterity while the more spectacular writer will flare up like a sky-rocket and as quickly die.

W. H. Hudson may be considered in the light of this idea. He was born in the Argentine about the middle of last century. His parents were English and his sensitive spirit suffered from the constant longing for his ancestral soil. In his book "Afoot in England" he points out in his clear, thoughtful way, how great a disturbance and conflict arises in the blood, when a child is born and grows up in a foreign country. Until he was about fourteen, his life was lived out of doors among the birds and animals of the pampas, and the active life he led completely absorbed him. With the coming of manhood, however, he began to feel the yearning for the traditional culture of England, and he crossed the seas in search of it. His life was for some time a bitter struggle against poverty, but his real interest was in his books. He became widely known as a naturalist and what he absorbed from the quiet lanes and hedgerows of the older country was eventually re-created in his work. It is the warm intimacy he feels for bird-life and all growing things which makes him dear to his readers. Added to this is the lucidity of his prose—the ease with which he leads one on from field to hill, from hill to pond, and eventually into the thought world. Over all he throws the light of romance and a sparkling of fine humour.

His best-loved book is perhaps "Green Mansions," a love-story of a peculiarly delicate texture. Away back in the forest, where the light comes greenly through the trees—where strange creeping plants link branch to branch interminably, he finds a girl who speaks the language of birds. She is the last of her people and has great difficulty in using the stilted language of the country. One feels that to understand her in her own beautiful bird-language would be to enter a world unknown to human beings. The book leaves one in a mood of exquisite quiet, almost of sadness, which is unusually hard to shake off.

Far Away and Long Ago is the autobiography of W. H. Hudson, and gives a vivid and detailed account of the boy's life on the Pampas and of his relationship with those around him. It is the best book to begin with, in becoming acquainted with Hudson, because it gives a good back-

ground against which his other works may be projected.

Since his death in 1922, the circle of his readers has continued to grow. Because the desire for the sensational, the morbid, the merely clever thing in literature is superficial, and because W. H. Hudson speaks to something beyond the intellect, which is warm and vital, there is no doubt that his work will endure.

His other books are "The Purple Land," "Tales of the Pampas," "A Little Boy Lost," "Ralph Herne," "Birds and Man," and "The Crystal Age," which is one of the most fascinating and appealing Utopias ever written.

MARK SULLIVAN CONSIDERED BIT TIMOROUS IN NEW BOOK

"If a woman who had come to maturity in 1900 should have spent the subsequent twenty years in a Rip Van Winkle sleep," says Mark Sullivan in "Our Times—the Turn of the Century 1900-1904", "she would probably have been less startled by an airplane than by garters worn visibly below the knee."

(What about the ones visibly above the knee?)

In reviewing this book, Heywood Broun in the New York World remarks: "It seems to me that Mark Sullivan is a little timorous in some of his speculations. Thus, he writes: 'Henry Ford, as the manufacturer of inexpensive automobiles, may have had a more deep-reaching effect on the lives of average Americans than had Warren G. Harding.'

"There is no 'may' about that contention. Harding affected his times almost not at all. The Ford car has revolutionized our whole social structure."

In an extremely interesting and frank article in the May Writer, James Oppenheim tells why he gave up his career as a successful writer to become a psychoanalyst.

ART WITH INFORMATION

So many lovely ads abound
To banish every care,
My radio begins to sound
Like the billboards in the air.
—Washington Star

Weather forecast for Pennsylvania: Warmer.—from Judge.

THE EAVESDROPPER

When we stood together by the pool
That day in the wood—do you
remember?

We heard a strange sound of far-off
voices

Laughing and murmuring
There in the lonely wood. . . .
It was twilight, and I was afraid,
And you said "listen,
It is only the noise the water makes
Falling along the rocks". . . .
But I knew
That it was the water-sprites
Gossiping together
About us. . . .

—JOAN RAMSAY

LANDSCAPE CLASS AT ARTS AND CRAFTS IS FEATURE

The landscape class of the Arts and Crafts Summer School promises to be well worth while. This class is open either to beginners or advanced students. Stanley Wood who is director of the art school this year, will be in charge of the class on Tuesday and Thursday afternoons and will give a general criticism of the work of the students in the Arts and Crafts hall on Saturday mornings.

Students may work in any medium they may choose from landscape or still life. They will be encouraged to paint in their own way so as to retain the individual character of their work.

There seems to be a good deal of gold and silver in the world of literature this season—or, at least, in the titles of books. "The Golden Beast" by E. Phillips Oppenheim and "Carib Gold" by Ellery H. Clark, are added to "The Silver Stallion" by James Branch Cabell and a serial by the English writer, Anthony Richardson, now running in the Forum, entitled "High Silver".

OVERHEARD ON OCEAN AVE.

"I must read that orange-colored book called 'The Game Cock'. I see so many people carrying one around."

"Cover Charge" is the name of a first novel by Cornell Woolrich published by Boni and Liveright.

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THE OTHER ARTS

DISCIPLE OF 'BLUE FOUR' IS COMING TO CARMEL | MUSICIAN SAYS NAMES MEAN NOTHING AT ALL

By GENE HAILEY

(Of the San Francisco Chronicle Staff)

(Written especially for THE CARMEL CYMBAL)

Since the pre-war days when the notorious "Nude Descended the Stairs" of the New York Armory Show of "Moderrrn Arrrrt" in 1913, art has easily assumed a universal aspect. As the small boy said in his composition "Behind the Universe is the great Cosmetic urge," so the impetus to paint vast stretches of canvas with unutterable abstractions, has become an impudence of erudite import.

The only important propagandist (or prophetess, as you will), of the most advanced, adventurous and abstract of the ultra-modern artists will soon visit Carmel. This is Madam E. E. Scheyer, whose personality is colored by all the adjectives that apply to modern art, such as "dynamic", "vibrating" and "expressionistic". She will plunge joyfully into the mesmerism of Carmel which lies in its natural beauty and cast the bread of the "Blue Four" upon the cultured waters of the community, and she may pass a little food to the cake-eaters among the summer tourists.

Need Big Imagination

When the New York Armory Show appeared, the critics were afraid to champion it so they screamed against it, which all made for propaganda, so that the most isolated person in the smallest town in America has felt the influence of cubism and its tribe in some form in their life. That startling exhibition was easily understood in comparison to this group called the "Blue Four." To have the smallest glimmer of idea about this ultra-abstract art, non-Carmel citizens must have some means of imagination whereby they can approximate the fourth dimension. The worm crawling along the surface of the earth, moves in a two dimensional world with no grasp of the third dimension unless he chances to reach up the stem of a plant into the higher space of three dimensions. So they must chance upon the fourth, intangible dimension, to understand the language of these two Germans, one Russian and one American.

These men exhibit their work under the title of "The Blue Four." Blue, the symbolic color for spirit, has been accepted as such throughout the ages of art meanings. The great life beyond, the dead and the unborn, are subjects these men share in common. The essence of cosmic and earthly ideas are theirs.

First Showing Since N. Y.

We have repeatedly read of these men Kandinsky, Feininger, Jawlensky and Paul Klee in art magazines and books, but this is the first opportunity of viewing an exhibition of their original work. The paintings have been assembled from various parts of the United States, including Smith College, The Museum of Modern Art, New York City, and the private collection of Arthur Jerome Eddy in Chicago and Mme. E. E. Scheyer, who accompanies this exhibit on its American tour. This is its first showing after New York City.

Madam E. E. Scheyer, a friend of all four artists, has brought trunks of

(Turn to Page Eleven)

By HAROLD K. HESTWOOD

There is one thing I dislike to do—talk about The Arts. For several years, three or four evenings a week, a group which represented all the branches of the so-called Fine Arts, would gather in my brother's studio shack in Berkeley. Clive Bell, Jan Gordon, Havelock Ellis and the others were discussed. Heated arguments, which almost resulted in blows, arose. For hours until nearly dawn we sat analyzing, trying to solve the innermost secrets and enigmas of "Why

is Art?" and "What is it all about?" At times we thought we had grasped it. But IT, whatever it was, was elusive. Now we had it—had it tight in our grasp. Now

we didn't have it. It fled, and we after it. I finally became weary of the chasing, stumbling, holding, slipping. Realizing that I could not arrive at a point where I could express myself through argument, which by this time had proved its futility, other resources were brought into play.

I read a recent article by Howard Hanson, director of the Eastman Conservatory, Rochester, N. Y. It had been an address to the National Music Teachers' Conference. He condemned the use of the sol-fa system in teaching children tonal relations, because, for instance, the tone C in the key of C is called Do and in the key of G it is called Fa, and in each key it has a different name when in reality it is nothing else but just C. His speech caused quite a commotion because it tended to revolutionize the public school system of teaching music.

To my mind a great deal of importance is given to nothing. Why name the tone anything? Is it C, after all? Why not call it "horse," or something like that? It has 256 vibrations per second, but what's in a name? The most important thing to me is that this tone C, or whatever it is, moves to some other tone. There is a progression causing a movement, a force or energy, or whatever one may call it. And through combinations of movements and progressions one can organize a form or composition. Does a single tone mean anything? A single chord, a single color, a single word? Only according to one's past experience does the programmatic or the sentimental aspect function. For example, I say the word "tree." The word arouses and stimulates certain past associations, everyone having a different mental image if a mental image occurs at all. Some see a pine, others visualize eucalyptus trees, and so on. The word "tree" has a connotation for you based on your past experience and there is no constant quality or attribute in the word except for its pure form. The letters T, R, E, have certain qualities to which every normal



FLOATING

By Wassily Kandinsky

(Turn to Page Ten)

MEDICAL REPORT DISCUSSES JEWISH SCIENCE HEALING

(Here follows the third part of the report made to the American Association of Medicine by Alice E. Paulsen, M. D. on "Religious Healing." This chapter is devoted to "Jewish Science." In next week's issue of THE CYMBAL will appear Dr. Paulsen's concept of "new thought." As has been previously stated in introductions to this report, replies to the observances of Dr. Paulsen, if made with satisfactory authority, will be published in THE CYMBAL.)

Similar to Christian Science, but of more recent origin, is Jewish Science, founded by Rabbi Morris Lichtenstein. New York has several active Jewish Science centers, including a prayer clinic.

"Jewish Science prayers," says Rabbi Lichtenstein, in Jewish Science and Health, "are always answered." Further quotations from the same source make clear the similarity between this cult and others of the same nature. The methods advocated are typical.

How to Pray—"The Divine Mind communicates with the human mind through the imagination . . .

"A prayer therefore should be offered in the form of a mental image. Man must visualize the thing he desires, he must use his imaginative powers to form his petition in terms clearly outlined in his own mind. The profound concentration of attention and thought which this form of prayer requires fills also the heart with deep earnestness and devotion. Man must pray whole heartedly as well as whole mindedly; he must believe in his heart that his well being depends completely upon his prayer.

"In these mental prayers there should never be formed any negative images . . . one should see with his mental vision only the state in which he desires to be . . . he must keep the image alive and fresh, which means that this image prayer must be frequently repeated, each time with greater clearness and with deeper emotion. The mind must be free from doubt and hesitation and should sincerely expect a response to its supplication. The answer will not fail to come.

"One must first of all put himself into a calm state of mind . . . must free himself of all distressing thought and unpleasant feeling . . . become serene and thus attuned to the Divine Mind. Serenity cannot be achieved without bodily relaxation. Therefore one should relax completely, put himself perfectly at ease, feel no discomfort, then close his eyes and offer his prayer with the imagination. Gradually and with concentrated effort, the mind will succeed in presenting its prayer.

"Should the petitioner find himself

MINNESOTA BEAUTY CONTEST

(From Willmar, Minn., Republican Gazette)

Boys and girls of the country who have entered their calves in the Calf Club exhibit at the County fair this week will receive prizes in addition to those offered by the fair. The following business firms have offered prizes: P. C. Peterson & Sons, 1 suit Ryan silk underwear to girl showing her calf to best advantage.

—from American Legion Weekly.

unable to visualize his supplication, he may bring words to his assistance and offer his petition in the form of an affirmation. An affirmation is a prayer offered to the Divine Mind in

(Turn to Page Nine)

NOT A WORD, JOHN

(Notice in Eldora, Iowa, Herald)

As some have said that I charged too much for sawing wood I have decided to charge this year \$1.50 instead of \$2.00 per hour. The reason I had to charge \$2.00 last year was because I was two years getting my saw mill built. Place your orders early as I have but one arm now to work with since I broke my right arm a few weeks ago trying to crank my old truck. Now what have you kickers got to say about it?—John Rainsbarger, Saw Miller.

—from American Legion Weekly.

Judging from the reviews of "When We Were Rather Older" by Fairfax Downey, this clever book is likely to be almost as big a seller as the volume it parodies. The following verse is entertainingly representative:

MEETING HALFWAY

Halfway down the stairs
Is a stair
Where I sit,
When I've a beau
Who appreciates
It.

We're not at the bottom,
We're not at the top.
We can hear
Anybody
In time to
Stop.

Wrought Iron
The Forge in The Oaks
John Catlin Carmel

you meet
the people you know
at

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it's a Murphy house!"

JEWISH SCIENCE

(Continued from Page Eight)
affirmative terms. When one suffers from unhappiness, he affirms.

"The Divine Mind in me expresses itself in happiness." When one is steeped in despondency he affirms. "I am filled with Divine hope and cheer." In this as in the other method of prayer—that of the mental image—the mind of the suppliant must be attuned to the mood of the Divine Mind . . .

"In both methods of prayer, the visualized and the affirmative, the suppliant must realize fully that he is declaring his desires to the Divine Mind and that his prayer will always be fulfilled . . ."

Healing—"The greatest gift in man's possession is health . . . Because health is natural to man he need not exert himself to attain it; he need have only a care to preserve it. Health can best be preserved and life prolonged by following faithfully the precepts of Jewish Science. We say: 'Live serenely . . . avoid unwholesome excitement . . . live peacefully, and avoid anger . . . live cheerfully, avoid moroseness . . . be contented, avoid envy . . . love every one, hate no one . . . be hopeful, courageous, never worry, never fear . . . above all trust God at all times wholeheartedly . . . with all your soul . . . your might . . . and you will come to know that your life is inherently a part of his essence and that your mind, therefore, is not made to be a harbor of destructive influence, nor your body a place of refuge for pain and suffering . . .'"

A prayer for health is offered in a manner akin to the prayer offered for any other need . . . consists of two parts: first, the visualization of divine giving and then of man's receiving; first, the process of healing; second, the state of health restored through that process.

"If any particular organ of the body is affected, the affirmation must declare that health is saturating it, eliminating all defection and suffering . . . If the heart is affected . . . affirm 'the stream of Divine Health is flowing into my heart, filling it with abundant health . . .' This formula may be modified to be applied also when the ailment is in the lungs, digestive organs, liver, kidneys . . . any part of the body, care being taken to name the given part distinctly. As in all prayer, relaxation, freedom from strain and distraction is cautioned. The author further directs, 'Repeat the affirmation a number of times, slowly, without the urge of making many repetitions, but rather with concentration and emphasis on each word.' The prayer should occupy about fifteen minutes.

Directions are also given for prayers for others, with the patient either present or absent.

"The method of praying for others is akin to that of praying for oneself. Both the ailing and the one who prays enter into deep silence. They both relax completely, eliminating all tension from body and mind. They both close their eyes; but while the mind of the patient becomes perfectly passive and inactive, that of the suppliant becomes awake and active. He must visualize the patient as the recipient of God's blessing." This prayer should also last fifteen minutes.

"A prayer for help may be offered

either in the presence or absence of the ailing and distressed . . . it is essential that the prayer in the absence of the ailing should be offered in the same manner and with the same devotion as a prayer offered in his presence . . . first visualize him as present . . . seated opposite . . . relaxed . . . have a clear impression of his appearance . . . having previously obtained knowledge of his abode, name, ap-

proximate age . . . general appearance . . . and if possible procure a likeness. The necessary part of the absent prayer is the identification of the one prayed for . . . mention name and location at outset of petition. It is best that the ailing one should be aware of the fact that some one is offering prayer for his restoration . . . more advantageous that he be informed of exact hour that prayer is to be offered and

that during that period he close his eyes and place himself in a state of perfect ease and relaxation . . . think of Divine Healing permeating him, restoring to perfect health."

"After each prayer," the author states, "definite changes for the better will take place in his condition, pain will become less intense each time, strength will supplant weakness, hope will replace despondency, and well-being will be regained."

If you have enjoyed this issue of

CARMEL'S DISTINCTIVE WEEKLY

you will enjoy the future issues.

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1926

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SEVERAL CARMEL ENTRIES IN DEL MONTE KENNEL CLUB SHOW OPENING SATURDAY

The third annual show of the Del Monte Kennel Club will be held on the Hotel Del Monte grounds next Saturday and Sunday, June 12 and 13.

There are several entries from Carmel to vie for honors, including Mrs. C. Halsted Yates' Dalmatian "Firefly", H. G. Morsels Scotch terrier, Mrs. Lee Got-

fried's Irish terrier, "Chalkstone Mollie Mahlon", who took second place in dogs of her class last year, and Don Hale's setter.

Mrs. Louise Dobbins of Monterey is entering two police dogs and "Pop" Ernst is also showing his police dogs.

Mrs. Yates will be bench judge of the show which promises to be the best the club has ever held.

JESSIE ARMS BOTKE CASUALLY ACCEPTS HER FAME AS AN ARTIST OF NOTE

by W. K. B.

There are persons who completely shatter the vision you may have had of them. Jessie Arms Botke is such an one. When I called on her last week she proved not at all to be I had pictured her. Not that I had envisioned some sort of an ogre and found myself delightfully surprised in what I found, but I had drawn and filled in my mind a woman so different from what Jessie Arms Botke actually is that I was, never-

theless, delightfully surprised.

I found the woman who has, as she puts it, "gotten a lot of publicity", to be the sort of woman who would say: "I've gotten a lot of publicity" with no affected reticence in the statement; no manufactured and transparent modesty.

You know, there is a certain art veneer that so many of these artists seem to believe is required as a layer for what they really and truly are. You imagine that when they open their eyes in the morning they do a Coue with "I'm an artist and must act my part, I'm an artist and must act my part," until they overact it to such an extent that you wish to God that they were not artists and didn't act their parts and would be human beings who occasionally were forced to worry over the fact that the garbage man was a day late with attendant discomfort and a profusion of flies.

You are attracted to Jessie Arms Botke through her straightforward candor and lack of assumption; it is not necessary to make excuses for her and go back of a personality to the artist to find exceeding

And yet Jessie Arms Botke is a painter of note; rating high in that small coterie of Carmel painters who have been nationally recognized. She has recently had several honors bestowed upon her, the latest being an invitation to exhibit at the Sesqui-Centennial Exposition at Philadelphia which has just opened. In May of this year she was invited to show a painting at the Corcoran Biennial in Washington. A short time previously she had an exhibit in the Grand Central galleries in New York. Reproductions of her paintings have been made in colors in at least two

this person is labelled "musician" and the other one labelled "poet," and being such they are looked upon to do something and grind out something even though it be with great effort? If you have something to say and feel the need of saying it, it will certainly come out. One doesn't create compositions for another person. One creates as a matter of necessity. Never is a person's self more portrayed than in a composition or in Commedia del Arte or in any form of expression. By their fruits ye shall know them. And the fruits are a result of one's environment plus a native equipment.

large eastern publications within the past six months and she was awarded a prize of \$500 for one of her paintings.

That is somewhat of a statistical record of Jesse Arms Botke's achievements in her branch of art. There is a romantic record that is even more interesting.

Mrs. Botke paints feathered things; not exclusively but most successfully. A devotion to this form of artistic expression came to her while she was studying under Albert Herter at the Herter Looms in New York. Herter was famous for his marvelous tapestries. His students made the "cartoons", as they were called, for the weavers who presided over the tapestry looms. These cartoons were made in the exact size of the resultant woven tapestry, and Herter especially encouraged design that brought life and moving things to the loom. It was there that Jesse Arms Botke began to paint ducks and geese and pelicans and all manner of feathered things. So successful was she that when the tapestry was designed for the St. Francis hotel dining room in San Francisco she was chosen to "do the birds". She was also one of the principal contributors to the tapestry decorations in the McAlpine hotel in New York City. These depict the history of New York.

After Chicago Mrs. Botke studied in Paris and she declares her success in painting to be due to three artists—John Johansen, Charles Woodbury and Albert Herter.

She is living in Carmel because she has a boy and she says that she knows of no other place in the world where one can most advantageously bring up a child and paint.

Cornelis Botke, her husband, is also a painter and etcher of note and the joint studio of the two in

their most attractive home on San Antonio street shows the entranced visitor many examples of the genius of both.

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AND VASES . . . BOTTLES . . .
EACH ONE A GRACEFUL WORK
OF ART . . .

**COURT OF THE
GOLDEN BOUGH**

CARMEL

"THE BLUE FOUR"

(Continued from Page Seven) portfolios containing water-colors, drawings and lithographs by these men; enough for six exhibitions. She has selected only paintings, however, for this exhibition, and most of them are privately owned by her, either as gifts or purchases from the artists whose growth she has watched so closely.

Madam Scheyer says that "All the isms—futurism, cubism, etc., are names of minor importance. They are like drawers in which we stow away neatly labeled things that bother us. She also says "People are mad with themselves because they do not understand the pictures, so they are mad with the pictures. Most people expect to find in art a repetition of themselves. Such repetition is not interesting. These are the sort who buy stupid prints filled with self-satisfaction. Many who say 'I don't understand this modern art' follow with their next words, 'but it looks like this or that sensation, emotion or fantasy—to me.'" Madam Scheyer has no intention of convincing anybody about her exhibit, she so strongly believes that the works speak for themselves, to those who are ready this kind of art remained to represent for them.

Not Easy to Grasp

In her lectures Madam Scheyer always remarks that "If we could understand Chinese music as the Chinese do, it would be beautiful to us also. So it is with these pictures, we cannot grasp in four minutes what it has taken these men forty years to evolve." None of these artists are in asylums, where several of their contemporaries are confined for being even madder than their paintings. Lyonel Feininger, the American artist of the group, has been honored by German art circles, to the extent of having a studio and home built for himself and family as a permanent abode to keep him in their midst. A thinking people would not build a home for an insane man's work.

Does Modern Art Record Our Life?

An art student who had not recovered from the first staggering blows of this art, asked: "Suppose everything were wiped out and only us, what a mistaken idea the people who discover it would have of us, unless they saw some of our other art—what we call good art!"

The answer is, "No, they would not have a mistaken idea of us. They would have a more accurate account of our recent war, our civilized architecture, our religion, music and emotions than if they found a magazine cover of a pretty girl in an automobile."

Effect of War on Art Work

Each of these four artists has been through a rigorous academic training and they have each evolved a new trend, since the war. Their pre-war work was prophetic of the coming catastrophe, their work was disorderly in treatment, but their after-war work is disciplined, governed in action and peaceful in cosmic relation to universal laws. These artists were the type of neurotic beings who were bitter about material limitations, broken by the war, yet out of the crucible they have rescued an art that is ruled by no rules but their own which come from a larger expansion into abstraction.

"Escape" Into Art Realm

Those who venture into the infinity of the abstract in art are likened to

NEWS NOTES

(Continued from Page Two) Studios in San Francisco is visiting Johan Hagemeyer.

Mrs. H. Sawyer and Mrs. William Knowles, prominent interior decorators from Oakland are visiting Miss O'Sullivan.

Earl T. Riley of San Francisco has been a recent guest of Mr. and Mrs. Paul Burns of Pebble Beach.

Dr. Amelia Gates is leaving Carmel about the fifteenth for Alaska where she will travel extensively for two months.

Mr. and Mrs. H. F. Dickinson, their daughters Elizabeth and Edith, and their sons, Henry and William, are going to Europe to be gone nearly a year. They will travel on the continent, and in August Dickinson is planning to go to Africa to hunt big game.

Arthur Somers Roche and his family are expected to arrive at

the "literature of escape" writers. Jazz is music of sudden escape and "vers libre" poetry affords release from reality. The seven arts have always meant escape into dream and fantasy, but never before have we so quickly found the strata of the subconscious, where we can obtain respite and vacations from our super-civilized fatigues. There is inspiration in the abstract. It is not so aloof, as we might suppose unthinkingly, but is ever present as a stabilizer. It lifts us above the false scales and limitations of human traditions, into the art realm where words fail to express what art says eternally.

Each one of the Blue Four has found his escape just as each thoughtful man has worshipped his many gods at different times in his life, through his works, philosophy and arts. These men did not lose faith during the terror of the war, but won a new faith in the order of things—which we, who have not been reduced to atoms by war forces, cannot comprehend.

Says "We Are Nothing Much"

"What are we?" says Madam Scheyer. "Not even as well organized as ants and bees. We are nothing much, we are only a few steps removed from the same vision of our cosmic value that the cave man portrayed in his art vision. Why is it that people look at these paintings with the eyes of 1926 when they must understand that the world began long before that?"

Prototypes of the art of these four men may be found in all the arts of other races and ages from the primitive, classic and religious, to the decorative, geometric and symbolic type of art; all but the representative "photographic" school. Meticulous detail is a necessity in commercial photography, while art effects can be created first in the mind of the photographer and then with his difficult means of the camera processes. It is a splendid field and the cinema is another of our "lively arts of escape." Those who understand the Blue Four are the "quick" and those who do not are the "dead," who have forgotten to "become as a little child." They do not walk in simple curiosity and humbleness, and so attain wider reaches of that live imagination which leads to discoveries of peaceful places in the chaos of the human mind. Let us hope that Madam Scheyer will find Carmel is the threshold of heaven!

REM'S WHISKERS PROVIDE BON MOT AT GATHERING

At the recent banquet of the Family Club of San Francisco at the club's grove near Palo Alto one of the guests found himself seated between Albert Hertz, leader of the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra, and our own Rem Remsen.

"I was afraid of fire when I came in here," he said, "and here I am wedged in between the two Underbrush brothers."

Del Monte Lodge in Pebble Beach sometime next week for a summer sojourn.

Mr. and Mrs. Jesse Lynch Williams are leaving shortly for western Canada where they will join Stewart Edward White and Mrs. W. K. White for a cruise in White's yacht along the British Columbia coast. They will return to Carmel about the middle of next month.

Dr. and Mrs. William McVean have been spending the weekend in Carmel. They are returning in August when they will start building a home in Pebble Beach.

Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Baldwin are spending June and July in the Mabel Turner house on the Point. Baldwin entertained a group of men friends recently spending a greater part of their time playing golf in Pebble Beach.

Hendrik Hagemeyer has gone to San Francisco to get a shipment of European freight including Holland glassware and French pottery for the Tilly Polak shop.

Haldis Stabell, teacher of physical education, has returned to her home in Carmel for the summer and announces that she will open classes for a limited number at her studio on Mission street between Eleventh and Twelfth avenues. Miss Stabell lectured at the Theatre of the Golden Bough last year.

"HOTTENTOT" THIS WEEK AT THE GOLDEN BOUGH

Victor Mapes' comedy, "The Hottentot", will be presented at The Theatre of the Golden Bough next Friday and Saturday nights by the George Barrie Company of San Francisco.

Burton Yarborough and Velma Lee have the leading roles and the cast includes ten others, many of whom appeared in "Outward Bound" when it was presented at The Theatre of the Golden Bough last year.

THEY FORGOT CARMEL

We notice that the Long Island Railroad does not want Nassau and Queens counties to grow any more. This again emphasizes the amazing fact that most of the inhabitants of New York would honestly hate to see their community get any larger. We believe New York is the only American town that feels that way. Another of the reasons why we like it.

—from *The New Yorker*

Emily Townsend
Florence Edgerton

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THE CARMEL CYMBAL

W. K. BASSETT
EDITOR AND PUBLISHER

CARMEL, CALIFORNIA, JUNE 8, 1926

See "The Merry Widow"

If any person within walking or riding distance of the Manzanita Theater in Carmel, and who has not yet seen Von Stroheim's film production of "The Merry Widow", is not at the theater next Thursday or Friday evening he will miss the finest thing that has been wound on a motion picture spool for many a screen-weary moon. . .

This statement is offered to further the pursuit of happiness on the part of those to whom the Manzanita theater is accessible. This is an unqualified statement. "The Merry Widow" is a beautiful picture. The scenes in it are superb. The acting is unbelievably good throughout. The photography is perfect. The details make the whole a remarkable picture and maintain von Stroheim's peculiar standard for that sort of thing. The story is old—as old as when "The Merry Widow" was first given us as a musical comedy—but von Stroheim has long proved that he could take the story of Jack and Jill and make it fascinating and beautiful.

Two Remarkable Women

There are two women in Carmel at present who deserve an editorial all to themselves. They are both remarkable women. They are Annie Laurie and Elsie Robinson. We use their pen names unquoted because you would not recognize them by anything else.

Annie Laurie and Elsie Robinson are bulwarks of William Randolph Hearstism. They are the newspaper circulation getters which, rating journalism of the day as one of the great American industries, is worth more to commercial statistics than the business go-getters of the wholesale plumbing concerns and the life insurance agencies. Hearst's first thought includes Annie Laurie, or for the past twenty years has including Annie Laurie, when he lifts another monument to his name in a hitherto un-Hearstized district of the country. Annie Laurie belongs, primarily, to the circulation department, and what she does to the circulation in the first few weeks of the new Hearst enterprise all but makes a circulation solicitor unnecessary and causes run on the markets of card indexes.

Elsie Robinson's feature pages, cen-

tered about her column entitled: "Tell It to Elsie," are the mainspring of the San Francisco Call at the present time, and her "Listen World" is a feature of the Hearst papers throughout the country.

There is a marked difference in the years of life of the two women: Annie Laurie is walking down the shaded side of the hill while Elsie Robinson is still on the sunny slope. Annie Laurie's service to Hearst is mainly in the past, although she continues, on the San Francisco Examiner, to help hold the dominating circulation that paper has in Central California. Elsie Robinson is going strong at the present time and gives every indication of having the capacity for going stronger. She works like the proverbial Trojanette. She darts back and forth between her office on the third floor of the Call building in San Francisco to the editorial departments and composing rooms on the second floor with a rhythmic constancy that is breathless. Every day the two solid pages of her stuff lay cool hands on the fevered brows of stenographers and delicate housewives.

Annie Laurie sobs almost daily in the Examiner on the weaknesses and errors of humanity; Elsie Robinson tells girls of fancied sorrows just how most effectively to shoot their husbands or betraying lovers, or why husbands or disillusioned lovers should shoot them. She says things "right from the shoulder" (quoted because we are afraid someone may have used that expression before us). She begins like this: "Dear Pal: What's the matter with you? How do you get that way? Stand up and take your medicine. If he's a brute, crown him; If you're a dumbbell, snap out of it." It's great stuff and—it gets the circulation.

It should be said, and with gladness, that Annie Laurie occasionally pens a toothsome reminiscent story of early life in San Francisco which she knew so well, and that Elsie Robinson sometimes writes actually acceptable short stories for self-respecting magazines, but in the main the two of them produce drivel, cut down and designed for consumption by mentalities of the fourteen-year-old standard.

Both of them know better, which, in the main, is the reason they are remark-

able—think what strength of character it takes to resist the temptation to be yourself.

Lineman, Spare...

Here's an editorial from The Sunset which proves the occasional worth of a chamber of commerce.

Citizens of Seattle have risen in wrath against the linemen of telephone, telegraph and electric power companies who merrily saw off the tops of trees which are in the way of overhead wires. Come to think of it, what a nice little precedent this is! If your neighbor or your business competitor is in your way, chop off his head, or his arm! Trees that have been the pride of a city for years are mutilated to make room for hideous overhead wires. The Seattle Chamber of Commerce has taken the initiative by asking the city to survey the overhead wires with a view to putting them all underground.

Seattle has no copyright on the idea of saving shade trees. Every city, large or small, that has not made it a misdemeanor to mutilate a tree presents the pathetic sight of once beautiful trees carved to suit a lineman's fancy. Trees are a city's personality. It takes generations to rear them. It is safe to say that a large, well formed tree in a city square or on an important street is worth a thousand dollars to a community that owns it. We jail the man who steals a loaf of bread or who smashes a window which can be replaced at comparatively small cost the next day. Why not, then, something far more serious for the vandal who destroys a tree that can not be replaced short of twenty-five years?

The answer probably is, we didn't know the trees were worth anything. Some day, when most of them are gone, we will wake up and realize that trees are one of our choicest heritages, and not for sentimental reasons, either.

Action and reaction, as the chemistry textbooks used to say, are equal and opposite.

and that is why modern poetry is something like

this discarding the old Keats method of rhyming punctuation and beginning lines with capital letters

and why modern prose is written in sentences that are not sentences. Short phrases. Or just words. Words. You write them the way you were supposed to think when you were a child. A little child. You get the method from Dorothy Richardson. Or, more likely, from writers who have read somebody who has been influenced by Dorothy Richardson. Then you go ahead. Easy. Not difficult. To write. But to read? You write for self-expression. Poor old Shakespeare! Poor old Milton! No selves to express.—From The Conning Tower.